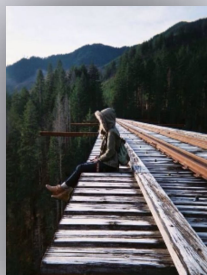




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Living Alone



38 0 5

Chapter 1 by Karapian

The boy sat on the edge of the road, resting for the long journey ahead of him. He was a wee child, looking about 7-8. He had sapphire blue eyes, and ruggish brown hair. His face was scarred after an encouter with some older teenages who wanted to use him foor "bait".

He looked around. The long and desolete roads were empty, except for a few fallen branches and leaves on the ground. The boy sighed and started dozing off.

He started dreaming about his former life, something that his physical body had never experianced. He started seeing somewhat familiar things, from the books on his table, to his comfy little bed. He walked out of the room to a long hallway, filled with potraits of his ancestors, and of small little decorations, like a marble horse and a vase full of blooming flowers. He traveled through and find the stairs, in which he climbed down upon, but gave and slid on the railing. The stair were spiraled, and were made of marble, with a rug laid upon it. Once he was at the bottom, the front door was waiting right in front of him, but he turned away into the dining room, where he found dishes full of delicious food, from a large roasted chicken, to steamy mashed potatoes.

He smiled, and saw all around the room nothing but smiling faces, all looking upon him.

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'Come now, we've been waiting for you, all day.'

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A woman cheerfully said. She looked absolutly marvelous, with blonde hair and striking blue eyes. She patted on the chair right next to her's, ushering him to the seat. He obliged immediatly, excited yet delighted that they all had been so patient with him.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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